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OF THE

Depravity of Human Nature:

TO

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

L O N D O N
Printed by W. Mears, in Ludgate Hill. Price 1 s.

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A N
E P I S T L E

T O

Dr. R O U N G.

Vera redivit facies, dissimulata perit.

P. AR.



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REPORTS

TO

DE. Y. O. U. N. G.

P. A. R.

Non-vestit facies, diffundit perit.



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AN
EPISTLE
TO
DR. ROUNGE.

RARE *Virtue*, who forsook the Town with You,
Is here much *talk'd of*, tho' the *visits* Few:
Where exil'd *Truth's* so utterly resign'd,
None boast to *know* her, and none hope to *find*.
With Thee she dwelt, long plum'd Thy daring Pen,
Design'd its Course, and scourg'd the Sons of Men:

Vice, then in Darkneſs ſculk'd, far fitteſt Place ;
 Now *ſtalks* broad Day, and *ſtares* you in the Face.
 The Bar, the Senate, T^{hron}-----, or Pulpit ſee,
 Nothing is *ſingular* but *Honeſty* :
 While all the Virtues Heav'n to Man e'er gave,
 But furniſh out Diſguiſes for the Knave.
 Did ever *Sanctity* ſuch Numbers aid,
 As the *Reſemblance* of it has betray'd ?
 How fruitleſs ſhall exterior Judgment be,
 To ward the Impoſtures of Hypocriſy !
 Shou'd we too warily *ſuſpect* Deceit,
 Our own *Suſpicions* juſtify the Cheat :
 Yet *think* no Guile where you no Guile *diſcern*,
 Sucklings and Babes ſhall liſp, *you have to learn*.
 Exiſts *Simplicity* ? then point me where
 The *Serpent* lurks, that I avoid his Snare ;
Pale, lean, religious, as the cloiſter'd Saint,
 All veil'd with *Innocence*, as Punks with *Paint*,
 You'd ſwear that Pray'r and Faſt had waſted Life ;
 Him, Night in Dalliance found with Appio's Wife :
 Angels and Miniſters of Grace, in Crape !
 If Heaven wou'd inſnare us, who ſhall 'ſcape.

Such

Such was PASTORIO, or the Million lyes;
 A worn-out Letcher, with uplifted Eyes.
 But lye, cheat, stab, betray, excise, or whore,
 Is there a *Sin*, like that of being *poor*?
 Ask Rev'rend BL^{AN}--D, and BL^{AN}--D shall tell you, Yes;
 To think his God or Patron *rule amiss*,

I, clear as LYNCEUS, ken where now he stands,
 And shakes, ÆGEON like, a hundred Hands;
 Deigns gracious *Smiles* on all yon Rascal Tribe,
 Gives each a *Hand*, and with each Hand a *Bribe*.
 Such universal Joy his Presence brings,
 More Blessings shedding than a thousand Springs:
 Mark him anon, in dire *Reflection's* Hour,
 When *Meditation* dark exerts her Power,
 Alone; the *Counterfeit* shakes off Disguise,
 And *stands reveal'd* with full Iniquities.
 Thus on NIPHATES Mount bright URIEL spy'd
 Those *Pangs* Hell's grisly Monarch cou'd not hide:
 Or once, as from ITHURIEL's Spear, the Test
 Of Falshood, all his Darkness *stood confest*:

To Rapine, Spoil, and Treachery resign'd,
Guilt in his Looks, and *Terror* in his Mind.

Sage BACON well observes, that Courtiers all
 Will *climb* in the same Posture as they *crawl*.
 When pension'd SYPHAX wou'd obtain his Ends,
 The People are his *Countrymen* and *Friends*!
 Once chair'd, they're *Mob*, an *inconsiderate*, *rude*,
Unheaded, *many-headed*, *Multitude*!
 Yet from their Error Benefit shall rise:
 The Fool first *suffers*, and is after *wise*.

Is Modesty an innate Principle;
 (Tho' LOCKE oppugn, I must maintain it still)
 So stamp'd and blended with the Infant Face,
 That nothing but a *Court* can quite erase?
 We seek Improvements, or we have them not;
 But this will cost some Pains to be forgot.
 At modish Vice the *honest Cheek* shall burn,
 Till sickly Nature sink into her Urn.
 I've known a learned venerable Sage
Star'd to Confusion by a sawcy Page;

Whose

Whose *forward Genius* in three Weeks learnt more,
 Than Study cou'd have purchas'd at Threescore.
 When *CASTA* blush'd amidst a Crowd of Men,
 Her Mother chid her till she blush'd again:
 A youthful Flush the *Lewd* interpret Fire,
 And bashful Innocence becomes Desire.

Amongst Mankind a greater Good ne'er sprung
 No ampler Treasure, than a *sparing Tongue*:
 In our own Power it's thought the Blessing lies,
 Since for it few have importun'd the Skies.
 Well might *PYTHAGORAS* think those to seek,
 Who learnt not *Silence* e're they learnt to *speak*.

Yon wanton Beavy of gay Women spy;
 Practis'd to bend the Knee, and roll the Eye;
 Fond to spread Falshoods, and to murder Peace;
 With Ears that *hear not*, Tongues that *never cease*.
 Kneel to these Idols, with Mock Rites adore;
 Proclaim them Gods, they knew as much before;
 Their Virtues many, and their Faults how few;
 Tell this and more, you'll tell them *nothing new*.

SEMPRONIA fills the Eye when she appears,
 And takes a gaping Circle by the Ears:
 Pleas'd while the full-mouth'd Jargon entertains
 Her Hearers, happy in their *Want of Brains!*
 How soft has Nature us'd this fondling Sex,
 Concealing every thing she fear'd might vex.
 She, wise in all her Ways, has well supply'd
 Their Want of *Merit* with no Want of *Pride*.
 Cou'd they their Imperfections know and live,
 What Pain, ye Gods! must such a Knowledge give.

Weak and insipid Friendship's self must prove,
 To such as are too sensible of Love,
 Untam'd and lawless LESBIA feels its Sway;
 New Lusts succeeding on the *Old's* Decay:
 Infatiate, wild, and fierce, her Inclination;
 Man's but the *Instrument*, she loves the *Passion*,
 Boast we that SAPPHO is all Virtue? yet
 Let us forbear, till some one seeks for it:
 Like a fair Treasure hoarded in the Ground,
 It shall remain secure, unless it's found.

METRA was long to her *first* Lover true,
 And *still* were, had she not been plagu'd with *two*.
 To look with *Chastity* is CATIA's Care;
 Justly she thinks no Paint can shew so fair:
 'Tis therefore practis'd at her Toilet's Duty,
 And wore as an *Addition* to her *Beauty*.

Who reasons thus at large, tho' you distrust,
 To save the *Many*, are there found *ten* *Just*?
 Produce me *Virtue*, *Honour*, or *Discretion*,
 In one that is not *sick* of her Profession:
 Thro' her best Actions, human Nature trace,
Dissimulation lends to each a *Face*.
 Who are the *Constant*, who are the few *Wise*,
 But such as *hide themselves* from others Eyes?
 What is the *Moderation* of the Great,
 But *Pride* to seem *superior* to their State?
 These *Maxims* *may*, or they *may not*, be true;
 Tho' I believe them all no more than you.
 The subtil *Sophist* often spins so fine,
 The Works of *Chance* by him are thought *Design*.

What seems *most fair*, admits of *most Distrust*;
 He's *well deceiv'd* who judges at the *worst*.
 The wisest Sage of *Greece* advises thus;
 Chiefly beware of being *credulous*:
 And wiser Observations tell of such,
 As judge by Guess, and *read Mankind too much*.
 Of this be sure, if *Knave* or *Fool* absurd,
 No Persecution drags thee from the Herd:
 Be thou as certain, if thou durst be *great*,
 Or *just*, thy Qualities expose to *Hate*.
 Save, cheer, defend, give Worth distress'd thy Labours,
 You do but tacitly *reproach* your Neighbours.
 From Joys bestow'd, your purer Joys arise;
 Yet kill *their Joys* who long to scandalize.
 The Pleasure we in our Remarks receive,
 On *others* Frailties, *our* Frailties give.
 Say, is it aught but our *own Pride*, my Brothers,
 That causes our Complaints of *Pride* in *others*.
 With how great Magnanimity of Spirit,
We bear those Troubles *other Folks* inherit;
 If once Calamity becomes *our own*,
 You'll marvel where this *Temperance* is flown.

Few share with you the Dole of the Distrest,
 Or chain the Vulture Grief to its own Breast.
 Still *fewer* join, now suffering Virtue bleeds,
 To make it *fashionable* with their *Deeds*.
 Or with like generous Honesty despise,
 What all the *meaner* World so greatly prize.
 Some wou'd, indeed, be thought unfortunate,
 To seem deserving of a *better* Fate:
 Partial, and fond of *fancied* Worth, they dote,
 The World will think them *worthy* of its Note.
 An *Affectation* to be counted wise,
 That hides us from our own and others Eyes:
 Such a *Sufficiency* Mankind have got,
 There most to know, *where* it concerns them not.
 Imagination furnishes this Treat,
 Self-cook'd with vain *Opinion* and *Conceit*.
 Something so odd o'er Reason's Sphere prevails,
 'Tis *Humour*, and not *Judgment*, holds the Scales.
Crude Science, as first suck'd, stuffs each dull Head,
 Grown grey in the same Cap where it was bred.
 As Wisdom's Shadow cast on prating Schools,
 Pours forth, for *Sons of Light*, a *Group of Fools*:

Believing *no one*, and by *none* believ'd;
 Deceiving *often*, and as *oft* deceiv'd:
 Stiff, positive, impatient, loud, and loose,
 Proud, careless, dirty, guzzling, and profuse:
 These *Dullness* sends to vindicate her Cause,
 The vapourous Meteors of the *Church* and *Laws*.
 When such shall vaunt of mighty Knowledge got,
 Wisdom shall say to them *I know ye not*.
 Yet wants not here to boast a chosen Few,
 That *seek for* and *delight in* what is true:
 Such who the Paths of *early* Virtue try'd,
 And *timely* took right Reason for their Guide:
 Instructed and inclin'd to hold at Hate,
 The treach'rous Smiles of the phantastick Great;
 With unambitious Souls that never *kist*,
 Nor *begg'd* a Bounty from the *Regal Fist*:
 Content with virtuous Views, in social Scenes;
 Nor care what *Flattery* or *Favour* means:
 Indiff'rent whether there *more* Truth or *less* is,
 In *gracious Speeches*, or *submiss Addresses*:
 Commending Peers, nor Princes, till well known;
 A Scoundrel prais'd, you make *his* Faults your *own*.

Know!

Know! Dignity, Descent, High-blood, and Birth,
 Imply a special *Privilege* from *Worth*:
 Ribbons, and Titles, can alone bestow,
 That valuable Part of Greatness, *Shew*:
 They add not Merit to the vain Possessor,
 Who when the *higher* rais'd, but looks the *lesser*.
 Shou'd a fam'd Fool Embassador be sent,
 His Worthlessness wou'd be *Sole-Eminent*:
 Or if an Atheist cou'd possess a See,
 His were the *Profit*, not the *Piety*.
 Who for the Court thro' Thick and Thin wou'd drudge,
 Has little *Justice*, tho' he were a *Judge*.
 If who gets Place, or Pension, Virtue gets,
P^{age}----- will have *Mercy*, *G*^{age}--- will pay his *Debts*.
 The pretty Gyges stay his *harmless Spite*,
 And *work* on Samplars, what he meant to *write*:
 Or on a *self-wrought* Couch his Labours rest,
 Or light the *lucid Star* for his own Breast.
 Abilities now always fill the Station,
 A *Minister's* the *Wisdom* of a *Nation*.
 Behold a far, fair *Blenheim's* Pile, who shrouds
 Her tow'ring Head in the familiar Clouds:

Full fraught with princely Deeds, she sees th' Abodes
 Of *Him* she proudly bears, and *other Gods*.
 Thither if either Chance or Business lead,
 Whoe'er thou art, stop there awhile and read;
 Read, and admire! What *Briton* e'er could tread
 Those Paths where MARLB'ROUGH and his Virtue led?
 No Danger could the dauntless Hero move,
 Arm'd with ANNE's *Justice*, and her People's *Love*.
 Heav'n fought her Battles, and confirm'd her Choice;
 The *Will of Heaven* is the *publick Voice*.

Degen'rate Isle, whence springs thy *present Woes*?
 Whence this lethargick Sleep, this lull'd Repose?
 Thy Summer-spreading Laurels Blast-defac'd,
 With baleful Ruin, and a wintry Waste?
 What *Millions* spent; what large *Concessions* made!
 What Loss of *Honour*, and what Loss of *Trade*!
 Huge *Armaments*, that rot in hostile Seas,
 Insulted! *tamely perish* by Disease!
 Thy Liberties, by Blood not dearly bought,
 Honour and Glory, to their Period brought!

Confusion,

Confusion, as a low'ring Cloud, droops low,
 And medicates the long diverted Blow!
 O dire Disgrace! O fatal Fall! let none
 Tell what our Kings in Gallick Camps have done.
 Interr'd with ANNA, in one ill-starr'd Hour,
 All Virtue perisb'd, as it did before.

Lo! our bruis'd Arms hang up for Monuments;
 Grim-visag'd War and Victory relents.
 Soft Sports, gay Revels, and lascivious Plays,
 Shall entertain these fair, well-spoken Days.
 Pleasure's the Guide of Life, and Mistress too;
 This Foe all as their Bosom Friend pursue.
 Let Fools for Fame and Fate sail Foreign Seas,
 We'll perish by Intemperance and Ease;
 And when Wine, Feast, or Dancing, Love invite,
 Give Reason to the Power of Appetite.
 Know, honest Wretch! that art so poor and wise,
 The sweets of Sin make Hell a Paradise.
 Away! thy beggar'd Principles disown
 Or thou shalt starve, go naked, and alone.

A toilsome Chase, and an uncertain Game,
He follows and pursues, who hunts for Fame.

What did *the last good Man* from Virtue draw,
Whose *Life was Rule*, and whose *Example Law*?
What did his Country, since so fam'd for *wisdom*?
She sent this Treasure to her Enemies.

Humility and *Worth* were never join'd,
Before, with such *Ability* of Mind.
Of Guilt *unconscious*, with a *steady Soul*,
His *Injuries* and *Fame* together roll.
Serene, and blest in every Clime and State,
A *Train of Virtues* held continual Wait:
The Soul triumphant, kept its *Court within*,
Secret its Transport, and its Train unseen:
Amidst *Misfortunes*, above *Fortune* blest,
And *banish'd*, knew no *Banishment* from Rest.

Not WALPOLE's *Wealth*, nor all the *Guards* that wait
Around the Godlike CÆSAR's honour'd Gate,
The *Mind's unhappy Tumults* can controul,
Or charm to Peace the *Passions of the Soul*.

Care does not prey on *Misery* alone,
 But, Traytor-like, it seizes on the *Throne*.
 Much *Virtue* is requir'd to bear Success;
 The vast Unfortunate may do with less.
 And he's the greatest *Sovereign*, who can
 Govern that little Empire called *Man*.
 How is proud *Grandeur* from its Peace betray'd,
 By *Noise*, *Solemnity*, and vain *Parade*!
 How busy are the Great and Gay below,
 To further and promote their *common Woe*!
 Is there no *golden Medium* to be found;
 No *Seat* for *Virtue*, and for *Vice* no *Bound*?
 Is it prerogativ'd to all the *Base*,
 To sculk behind a *Pension*, or a *Place*?
 E'en *GYGES*' self in conscious *Blushes* stands,
 Asham'd of Honours, won from *worthier Hands*.
 To Kings, as God's *Vicègerents*, might we sue,
 Cou'd they with *Titles* give fit *Talents* too.
 Alas! their *Sovereign Impotence* is such,
 The * *Evil* triumphs o'er the *Royal Touch*.

* This Distemper, by way of Eminence, was call'd the *King's-Evil*, which they pretended to cure by touching the Person afflicted: A Conceit maintain'd by the Pride of Monarchs, with the Consent of their Physicians, and the Superstition of the People.

Tradition Kingly Power ~~over-rules~~ ^{does not}
 As idle Rumour magnifies Estates.
 Who would the Royal Blood so much rely on,
 To trust his Carcass with a hungry Lion!

And he's the greatest Sovereign, who can
 Govern that little Empire called Man.
 How is proud Grandeur from its Peace betray'd,
 By Noise, Solemnity, and vain Parade!

F I N I S

How busy are the Great and Gay below,
 To further and promote their common Woe!
 Is there no golden Medium to be found;
 No Zeal for Virtue, and for Vice no Bound?

Is it prerogative to all the Base,

To stalk behind  Place?

Even Gyges, tell me, what his hands

Assum'd of Honour, and of nobler Hands

To Kings, as God's Vicegerents, might we sue,

Could they with Titles give fit Talents too.

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